INSIDE - OUTLOOK

MAY 16/74

volume 2 no. 3

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

JUL 5 1975

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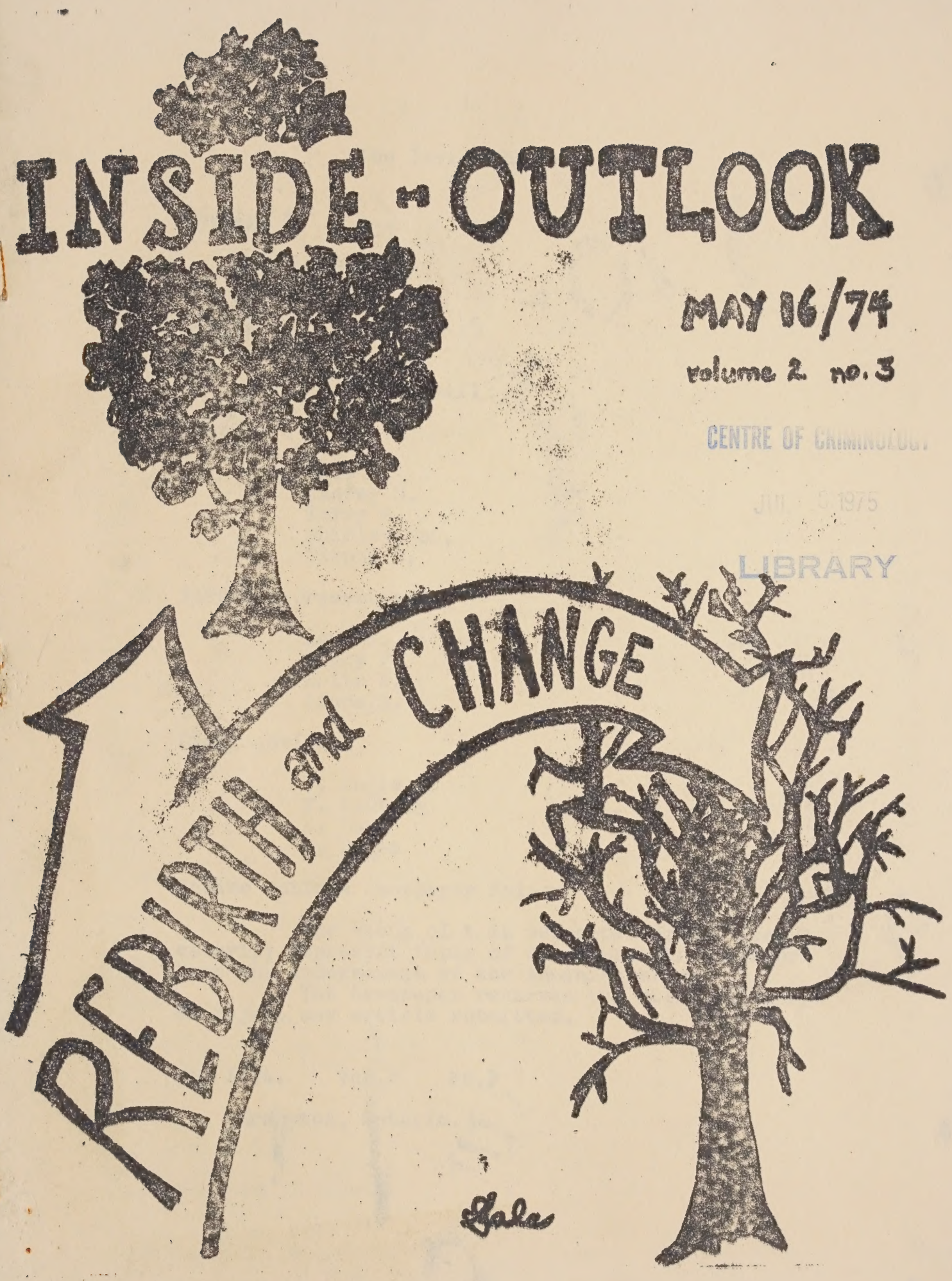

Gale

The Inside-Outlook

Cottage 2

Jeanie I.
Gail B.

Cottage 3

Eddie McA.
Elizabeth McI.

Cottage 4

Gale C.
Audrey D.
Terry G.
Shirley McN.
Dianne P.

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Lana E.
Peggy P.
Anita S.
Linda S.

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T. Angle
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E. Lum
S. Dobbs

Inside Outlook Newspaper Policy

The views of t is newspaper do not necessarily represent those of the Newspaper Staff or have the endorsement of the Administration.

The Newspaper reserves the right to accept or reject any article submitted.

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Brampton, Ontario.

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AN INVITATION TO EDUCATION

The world can be a fairly complicated and confusing place in which to live and lately it has almost demanded the development of a new kind of human being. To meet these demands, all educational institutions have had to change direction and begin to make learning a more relevant and meaningful experience. Education has had to become the introduction of concepts most appropriate to the world in which we all must live with the purpose, naturally, of helping us to develop built-in survival kits as part of our basic equipment. There is no more important function for education to fulfill than that of helping us to recognize the world we actually live in, and so the change in direction has been welcomed.

But what does this change involve, and how has it affected the educational program at Vanier? The new direction has simply meant the creating of more relevant learning environments, and yes, it is happening here. The Activities Building has become a place to feel good in. It is now a place where people gather to learn from each other, by doing things to rekindle the spark of asking and wondering that all people have in the beginning. Here there is no seperation of school and life and learning is not confined to rooms and categories. All flows together to create a continuity of love, learning, patience, and trust. It is a place to come together.

Today is the right time to start that process for yourself. It is the right time to realize how much you have to teach each other. It is the right time to expand your world and realize there are no boundaries. It is all there to be explored and experienced. A new kind of education is happening.

The kind that involves:

Every moment

Everyday

Everywhere

Everybody

There is a lot of information that should be spread around, and there is plenty to be learned from each other---every moment. Everybody can delight in learning. Why not let it happen to you?

Terry Angle

To the Elizabeth Fry Society in Toronto

This is a thank you note, an advertisement and a message. Thank you, ladies, for the invitation to your lovely home, Thank you, also, for showing us graciousness and courtesy, so that we as your guests were made to feel most welcome.

The home is a very lovely red brick, built in 1970 in a modern futuristic, , multi-level style. It is spacious and will accomodate twelve girls very comfortably and yet a relaxed homey atmosphere prevails. There is a main sitting room equipped with T.V., Hi Fi and books, as well as smaller rooms if you wish to be alone. Also ping pong, a pool table and cards are provided in the recreation room that is first class. The home is situated on the outercore of downtown Toronto, with shopping, parks, hi-rise apartments, gracious town houses and transportation all very close by.

People can get back into the community smoothly and with a minimum amount of aggravation. If you are serving a long term sentence, find out if you can become eligible to go there on a work T.A.P. It is becoming possible to do this. Ask if your cottage can't go there to visit, or ask someone who has been there. The Elizabeth Fry Society is here each Wednesday. Inquire from them just what facilities they have.

Before you leave here, please find out about some of the places that you can go to.

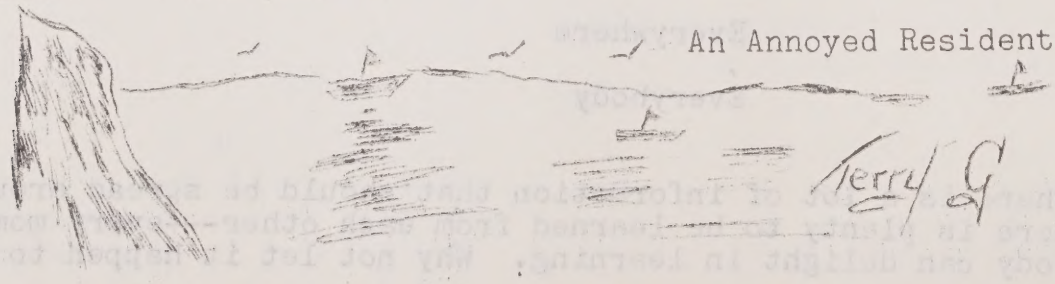
June C.

From an Annoyed Resident

On May 1st evening the Brampton Choral Society was here to entertain us, and the residents who attended thoroughly enjoyed the fine performances. We might state at this time, we the residents who did attend this event were embarrassed on behalf of the residents who didn't attend or turn out. These people do take their own time to display their talents to us and we should put more of an effort into appreciating their efforts towards us.

We would also like to state at this time, that the residents who are responsible for making the "Thank You" speeches, should dress and act in an appropriate and cordial manner. Thank you.

An Annoyed Resident.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Speaking of entertainment, Vanier residents had the pleasure of seeing the Broadway hit play "FIDDLER ON THE ROOF". To Mr. Doyle, our superintendent, my heart goes out to you for the part that you had in bringing the group here, to put on their presentation.

In my estimation, that is the most entertaining group that I've had the pleasure of seeing during my stay in Vanier. And I think I can speak for the other residents too, in saying MORE, MORE, MORE...

Acknowledgements to Rollie, and all the other staff that helped to bring "FIDDLER ON THE ROOF" here. Thank you from all of us to all of you.

Eddie Mc.

Your ace reporter forgot to submit this article for last month's issue. So here it is. Sorry about that.

Late Night

In a political situation if one party is granted the right to speak, the opposing party is also given equal time to state their side.

To show that the "Inside Outlook" plays no favoritism, and states facts, the establishment is given space in this paper, to present to the readers their fight for the right of inmates.

Now the writer of this article is in Cottage 111, therefore she can only state the staff's attitude of that particular cottage.

Prior to the upheaval of no late nights, Mrs. P., supervisor of #3, stated that it is (meaning question of late nights) no longer in the hands of Programme Centre to determine which Cottage shall be honored with a late night, but in the hands of the cottage management of the individuals cottages to work it into thier program.

Not everyone of the establishment passes the buck. There is one that is trying her damndest not to. Three cheers for Mrs. P. Now instead of a five-month wait for late night, maybe, just maybe it will only be three months.

Eddie Mc.

"Toto, I have the feeling we're not in Kansas anymore."
Judy Garland / Wizard of Oz

GOOD FRIDAY SERVICES

The service was held this Good Friday in the little church down from Vanier Center. It was cloudy and raining, but it didn't stop the beautiful service and the turnout was tremendous.

We were greeted at the door of the church by Reverend Loder, Father Bromley, Mike and his brother John and Bert.

After all were seated, Anita S. opened the service with a song-----"Just a Closer Walk With Thee", after which Joe, the Security Guard, sang-----"Oh Jerusalem" and I must compliment him on his tremendous voice. "Well done, Joe!"

The priest and ministers portrayed the entire remembrance of the Crucifixion verbally.

Different girls were selected from various cottages to take part in dramatizing the Stations of the Cross. You could feel the close unity in the Church Services.

Father Bromley suggested that doing it this way would make the church service more interesting.

After the completion of the readings, Holy Communion was administered to those who wanted to partake of the Sacrament, after which a prayer was dedicated by Carol S. and a poem read by Anita S.

I must say "May God pass a blessing" on those who took part in making the Good Friday Service a memorable event, that I think will stay in the hearts of some residents a long time.

God Bless you all,
Anita S.

THANK YOU TO THE CHAPLAINCY

Cottage 4 Residents would like to thank the Chaplaincy for the beautiful Easter Service they provided for the girls. To everyone who contributed their time, talent and service towards making our Easter a Happy and Blessed one, may we all express our sincere thanks.

Cottage 4 Residents

MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
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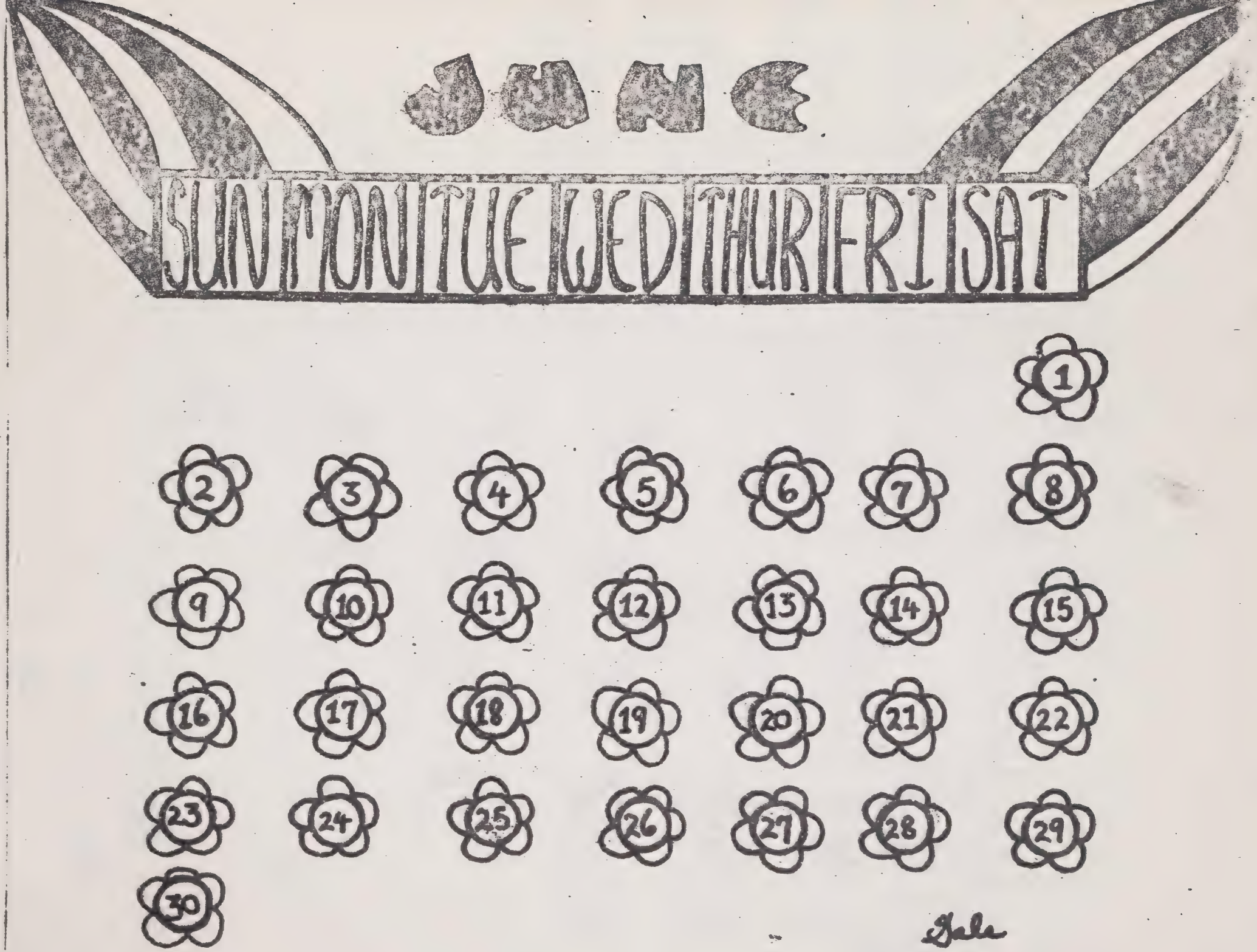
JUNE
SUN MON TUE WED THUR FRI SAT
1
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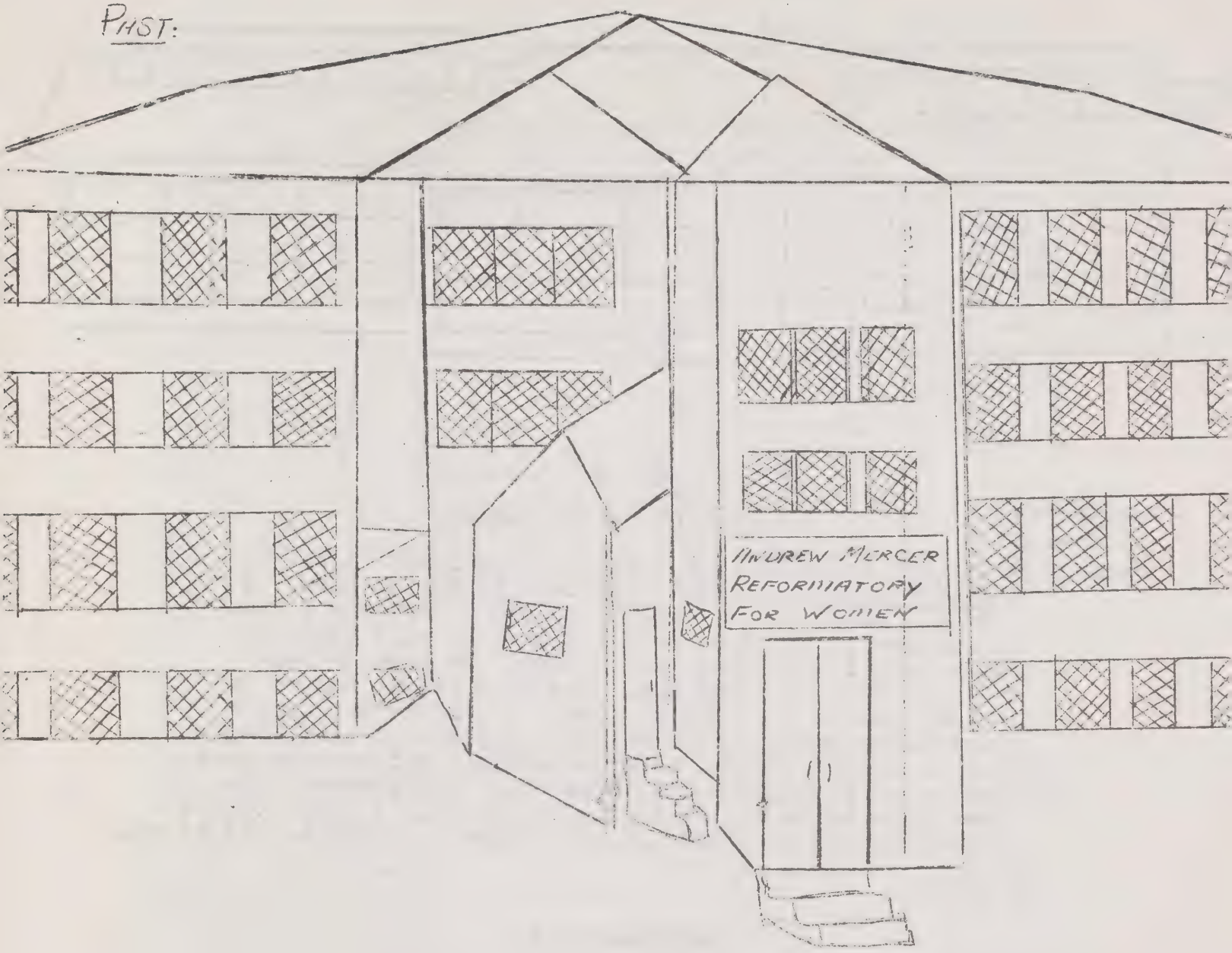
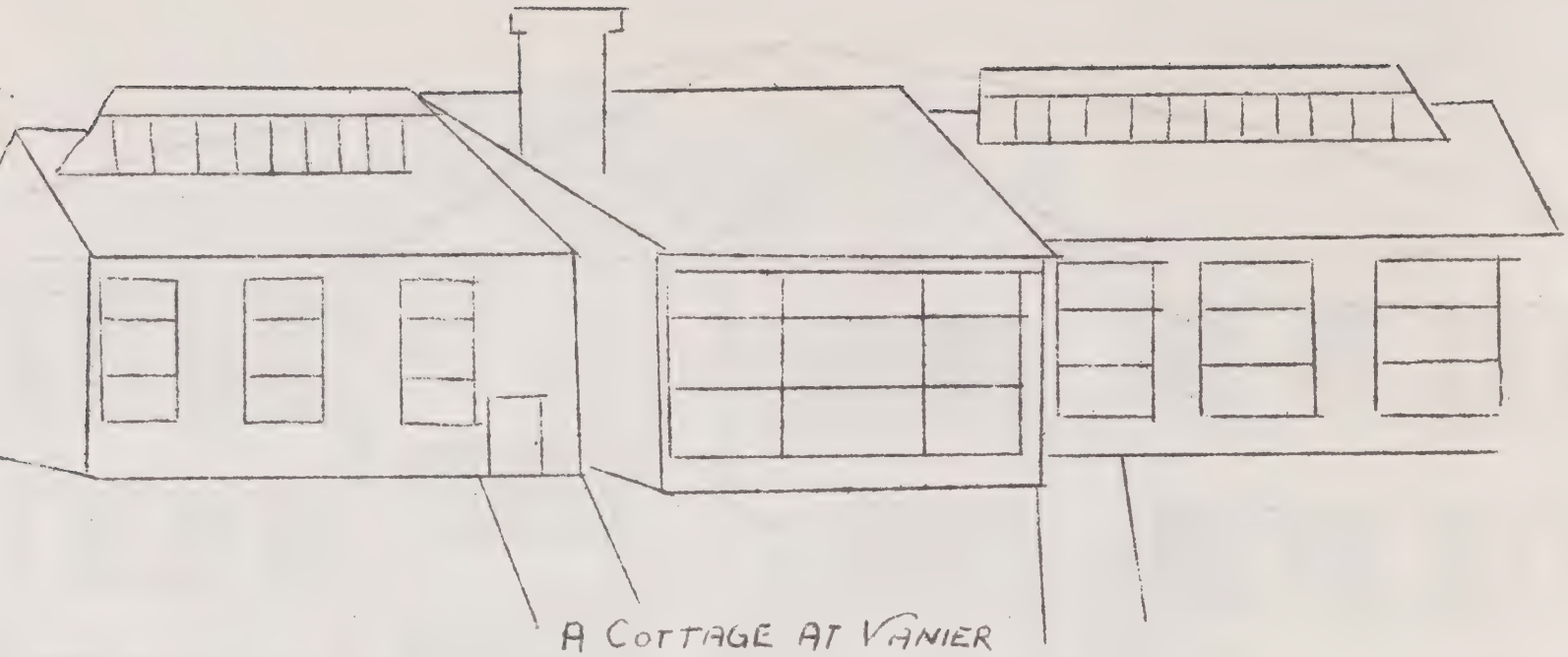
9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19 20 21 22
23 24 25 26 27 28 29
30
Gale

PAST:





A COTTAGE AT VANIER

ILLUSTRATION:
LILLIAN B.
AUDREY D.

It's hard to Say Goodbye

By the time this letter is published in the Inside Outlook, I will have left Vanier for good. I really hate to say good-bye to all my friends I have made here. I'd like to say a very special thank-you to all my friends in Invictus who made my stay here a very pleasant one. You have really helped me a lot when I was feeling down. I wish we could have met under better circumstances. Also a special thank-you to Mrs. G. Dodds, in dry-cleaning, who made my work day a very pleasant and interesting experience. Its really a shame to leave you all behind. I wish you all the luck and happiness in the future. Thanks to all of you.

Understanding

Understanding is a special thing
That takes a lot of doing
Its based on love and tenderness
It brings a lot of happiness to Man.

Bonnie M.

"Rebirth and Change"

Our theme this month is rebirth and change. I wasn't around when Vanier first commenced but I was around the year after it was born and I was around before it was thought about, and I for one can see the change.

As I recall, before the birth of Vanier we had the Mercer Reformatory in Toronto, and although we were made as comfortable as conditions and circumstances would allow there is little or no comparison between Mercer and Vanier.

For instance, for many months, the inmates or prisoners, as we were labelled in those days, resided in the one building without ever going outside. If and when the girls did go outside, it was to a very limited area, enclosed by a high wall.

In Mercer days, our clothing left much to be desired-we had two issues or changes of clothing--consisting of 2 Bras., 2 prs. panties, 2 prs. Bobby socks, 1 work dress, 1 good dress, 1 nightgown and 1 sweater. Your shoes were seldom new and many times had no heels on them. Your work dress consisted of patches upon patches and at times it was hard to tell the original color or material of the dress.

The food was particularly starchy and heavy and about once a week we had dessert. For evening break we had cold mashed potato sandwiches and cold tea. Coffee was not incorporated into the institution until the middle sixties. The girl's weight was extremely hard to control due to poor diet schedules and lack of exercise.

Medication was undoubtedly something else, irregardless of what kind of an ache or pain or whatever your ailment was, you were sure to get a laxative for it.

Also, when you lined up for your food, you went through a long steam table for meals and everything that you took onto your plate, you had to be prepared to eat or you suffered the consequences as there was absolutely no waste of food whatever.

The working areas consisted of a wash house, mangle room, ironing room, kitchen and sewing factory. A few girls were on the paint crew and corridors. Work was work in those days and there was little or nothing to work with. There were two smoke breaks during the course of the day and one of them was up in the gloomy gymnasium after dinner.

Your cell or drum consisted of an iron bed, wooden chair, and night stand and a "Chamber Pot". Your rooms were half the size of Vanier rooms and many had no windows, depending on what side of the building you were in and which corridor. I might add that every Saturday you proceeded with your "Chamber Pot" to the bathroom and cleaned it throughly and then put it to soak in the main bath tub with several other chamber pots and then you were at liberty to take a bath in the same tub afterwards!!!

Vanier may have its ups and downs, its head hassles and its advantages and points of value. Spacious rooms with private washroom facilities, windows and cleanliness--freedom of the grounds, plenty of fresh air, balance diets, clothing that is

suitable to society, freedom of opinions and entertainment and activities for those who wish to participate.

For those of us who don't know what it was like, let us be thankful, and for those of us that do know what it was like, we are thankful. So, let us not condemn what has been achieved, for after all, Vanier is what Rebirth and Change is all about.

Audrey D.

T.A.P. to Hamilton Branch, Canadian National Institute of the Blind (CNIB)

My first visit to the CNIB was very meaningful and interesting. It showed what the visually handicapped can do. They were working with machinery by the touch system.

In the beginning, I was very depressed. Then I met a few people, including Mr. Butcher, the regional director of the CNIB; and the vocational director, whose name I do not recall. He was very easy to talk to, and he described how the program was run. We had coffee and I found the people friendly and understanding.

After a while, I became more relaxed and comfortable in this easy atmosphere. I also had more confidence in myself and my capabilities. We toured the gift shop where the articles were just fantastic, as they were made by the blind. It is amazing how people can do things just by touch.

It is hard to face the fact that I may soon be there, but, while I am here at the Vanier, I am really making good progress in my Braille and Mobile Training. I would like to thank the staff and friends who understand my situation and help me. And thanks to Mrs. Lum for taking me on this T.A.P. I really enjoyed every minute of it.

Shirley R.

UNDERSTAND Bev W.

Every night we can look up at the stars and see thro' time and distance.....stars have been out there for billions and billions of years and will be there for some time unlimited .....while this world of ours will flicker and die unnoticed; And within this world there are billions of lives passing out of existence, also unnoticed.

Seventy-years-Seventy years in the midst of billions,
And we waste even this with hatred.

FOR ALL WOMEN PLANNING ON A FUTURE IN TORONTO

Addresses Where You Will Find Help

HOSTEL INFORMATION: Phone 921-7971

DOMUM: 72 Dunn Avenue Phone 533-0887
Co-ed and co-operative. Eight to ten people.
No age requirements. FIFTEEN DAY STAY FREE.

STREETHAVEN; 87 Pembroke Street Phone 920-9111
Ask for Flo Waterworth. Good place for information about anything in Toronto.

WOMEN'S PLACE: 31 Dupont Street Phone 929-3185
Best place for legal advice for women.

INTERVAL HOUSE: 173 Spadina Road Phone 924-1491

WOMEN IN TRANSITION: 374 George Street Phone 967-5227

Both these places give temporary shelter (up to FOUR weeks FREE) and resource information to Mothers with children.

FREE MEDICAL AND DENTAL CLINICS: SHOUT Augusta Avenue
Phone 964-2998
Run by med. students.
Prescriptions filled for $1

SPRINGBOARD: 297 Carlton Street
Employment counselling. Family counsellors who go into federal prisons.

NARCONON: 157 Spadina Road
Residence for narcotics addicts and alcoholics.
Therapy and rehabilitation.

ANDYHAUN: 106 Spadina Road 920-1492
Director: Mrs. M. Redmond
Government sponsored home for Nishnawbe girls who need help. Offers resource information.

ONTARIO FEDERATION OF FRIENDSHIP CENTRES: 120 Eglinton East
Suite 605
Phone 484-4411
Director: Joe Hare
Resource person for people of native ancestry.

WELFARE OFFICE downtown: 330 George Street Phone 925-3131

CONTRIBUTED by Lynn and
Adrienne, Gale and Elizabeth

FOOD

There has been a great deal of controversy on the complex by the residents concerning the food being served to us for our meals. Many of these complaints were about the sausages, beef and Hot Dogs. For example it is a known fact that on different occasions we have been served green beef. Upon confronting the kitchen concerning this, we were told that the greenness is caused by steaming.

On another occasion, a resident found worms in half-cooked sausages. Some people will say it is only residents who complain, but this is not so. On two separate occasions I recall, in my cottage, Invictus, staff became ill after eating half-cooked pieces of fish. A second time it was staff again who put in a written complaint about the wrinkled and dried-out hot dogs that had been served.

This article was written because we need answers to this problem. Where actually does the fault lie? Bad meat? Bad refrigeration? Pre-cooking of meat and then serving it two days later? We would appreciate a reply from those concerned and all suggestions would be greatly appreciated.

Gail B.

Literary Section

UP ON THE SPOON

Drug Addict---(About Bird: Charles Christopher Parker)

That horn chased me
like a hound
and I hid
in spoons
and I boiled
and my insides
turned Black
like the bottom of that spoon beneath that match:
All the darkness,
coming down off bennies
My knees about to split
and my insides scraped together
like a parody of the belly rub
and my horn sucking out all my sadness
like my veins sucked all the smack crest
out of needles
ThEM---pee pees
plenty of 'em,
I'd beep my horn and there They'd be:
Nothing sweet anywhere,
people whispering in corners
and I sipped my ice water
and that water turned into the world
when I was sick
had the jitters, the chills
balled up like a rotten loaf of pawn
tickets I couldn't eat
Me; Blasphemer
Me; Bastard
Me; Vandal tearing apart my flesh
and memory.
lynching my music with the second fiddles of the New York
Philharmonic
just for fix money.
for another chance to drop a cigarette
on a new suit.
Sticking needles full of blindness
into my eyes every day.

(cont'd next page)

Tomorrow is the most important thing in life.
Comes into us at midnight very clean. It's perfect
when it arrives and puts itself in our hands.
It hopes we've learned something from yesterday.

by John Wayne
Taken from "Whole Grains"
a book of quotations.

WHAT ELSE CAN I TALK ABOUT BUT MY SICKNESS
Kick me in my butt.
outside a tinsel music hall named
after me.
Birdland, the Valley of the Long Distance Runners
Now hug me in the corner mama
As the horns case becomes too heavy to carry
as the sickle man spoons darkness
From the sky with the crescent of the Moon
HUG ME
But please not here with the coffin rotted
dirt in what was once my mouth
and the worms grinding against
my bones like my old worn out records
Mama, HUG ME
PLEASE tell me I'll get well.

This was dedicated to drug addict
"Bird" Charles Parker
Black Musician
Black Poet
Author Series--Julius Lester
Submitted by Anita S.

Jail

Jail,
Bail,
I've done the crime,
I'll do the time,
Good,
Bad,
Happy,
Sad,
Scared, don't be,
For you blew it
Not me.
And if you're blamed
When you're out,
Don't pout,
Find different friends.

Bonnie A.

"Life without caffeine is stimulating enough". Sanka Ad.

INTIMITE

En attendant le jour où vous viendrez à moi
Les regards plein d'amour, de pudeur et de foi,
Je rêve à tous les mots futurs de votre bouche,
Qui sembleront un air de musique qui touche
Et dont je goûterai le charme à vos genoux...
Et ce rêve m'est cher comme un baiser de vous!
Votre beauté saura m'être indulgente et bonne,

Et vos lèvres auront le goût des fruits d'automne!
Par les longs soirs d'hiver, sous la lampe qui luit,
Douce, vous resterez près de moi, sans ennui,
Tandis que, feuilletant les pages d'un vieux livre,
Dans les poètes morts je m'écouterai vivre,

Ou que, songeant depuis des heures, revenu
D'un voyage lointain en pays inconnu,
Heureux, j'apercevrai, sereine et chaste ivresse,
A mon côté veillant, la fidèle tendresse!
Et notre amour sera comme un beau jour de mai,

Calme, plein de soleil, joyeux et parfumé!
Et nous vivrons ainsi, dans une paix profonde,
Isoles du vain bruit dont s'étourdit le monde,
Seuls come deux amants qui n'ont besoin entre eux
Que de se regarder, pour s'aimer, dans les yeux!

Francine B.

DEVANT DEUX PORTRAITS DE MA MERE

Ma mère, que je l'aime en ce portrait ancien,
Peint aux jours glorieux qu'elle était jeune fille,
Le front couleur de lys et le regard qui brille
Comme un eblouissant miroir venitien!

Ma mère que voici n'est plus du tout la même;
Les rides ont creusé le beau marbre frontal,
Elle a perdu l'éclat du temps sentimental
Ou son hymen chanta comme une rose poème.

Aujourd'hui je compare, et j'en suis triste aussi,
Ce front nimbe de joie et ce front de souci,
Soleil d'or, brouillard dense au couchant des années.

Mais mystère de coeur qui ne peut s'éclairer!
Comment puis-je sourire à ces lèvres fanées?
Au portrait qui sourit, comment puis-je pleurer?

Francine B.

Francine B.

CONFINEMENT

My body can be confined
But not my mind
Even after lockup
My mind wanders blind.

Can I see without feeling?
Can I feel without a touch?
Do I know if you're still there?
Do you still care so much?

Release me from these bonds,
That enslave my body so tight.
Physical confinement is not so bad,
It's the mental that I fight.

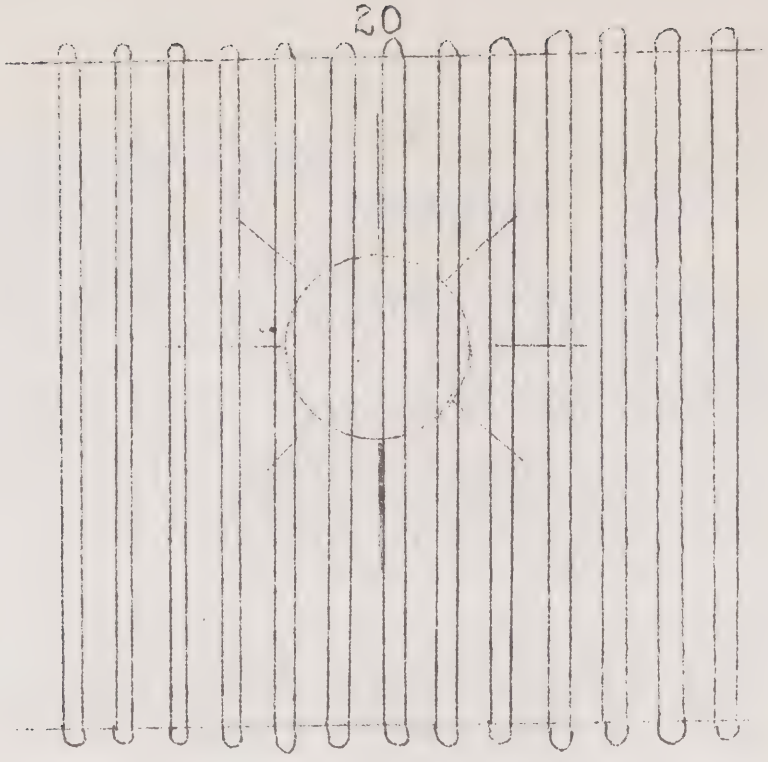
I think, I pray, I wonder,
Outside these prison walls
Does anyone hear my mind calling?
Does anyone hear at all?

by Anita S.

THE CHANGE

Yes, I can feel the change creeping slowly,
over the most inner of my being.
Transforming and rejuvenating my entire soul.
Can this change be for the best, can it?
Only time will tell. Well, the things at
one time I took for toys, continue to be
playthings in my imagination, or will I take
a more serious look at life, as it really
is; And not what I want it to be!
Magnificent is the person who can tell the
Change -
Do I fight myself for changing, or do I
fight the ones around me; for making me see the
New light that shines from my most inner being?
Is it bitterness I now feel, or is it for once
in my life I see me?
The change-ok! But oh how I wonder what it
will be like now! Since I have changed?.....

by Anita S.



No - one thinks of a PRISONER
AS

A - Sun
A - Universe
A - Human-Being
or A Equal - But
HE IS

by Anita. S.

Don't be Sad

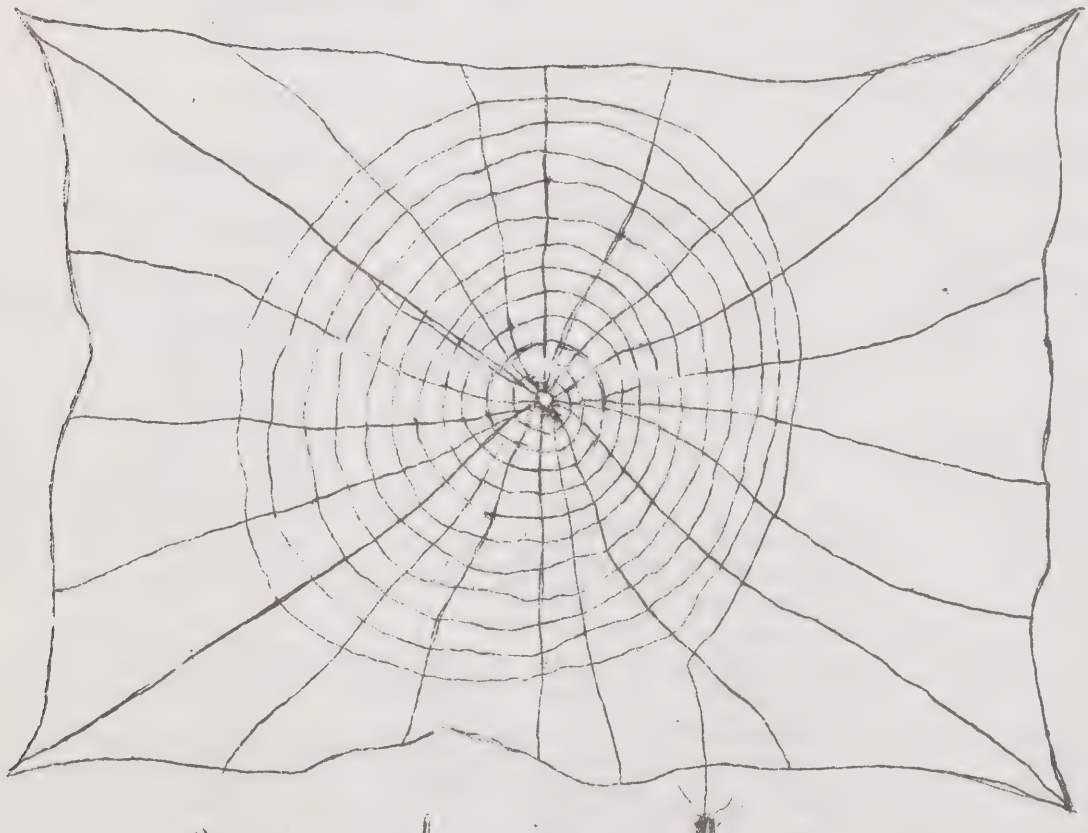
Sadness passes in a while
Soon will follow happy smiles
Even when you drift to the past
Think of love it soon will pass

Even behind these depressing walls
There is a lonely distance call
And the blues they send me
I will never let them defeat me

We will stand up and be proud of who we are
For happiness isn't really that far
Even when we just want to cry
Or just lay down and die

We will fight sadness all the way
For in this world we want to stay
And we won't be sad for sadness passes in awhile
and soon will follow happy smiles.

Sent to Marilyn N. by Paul K.
Covansville Institution.



Talking

You talk when you cease to be at peace with your thoughts;
And when you can no longer dwell in the solitude of your heart and live in your life;
And sound is a diversion and a pastime,
And in much of your talking, thinking is half murdered.
For thought is a bird of space, that in a cage of words may indeed unfold its wings that cannot fly.

There are those among you who seek the talkative through fear of being alone.
The silence of aloneness reveals to their eyes their naked selves and they would escape.
And there are those who talk, and without knowledge or forethought reveal a truth which they themselves do not understand.
And there are those who have the truth within them, but they tell it not in words.
In the bosom of such as these the spirit dwells in rhythmic silence.
When you meet your friend on a roadside or in the market place, let the spirit in you move your lips and direct your tongue.
Let the voice within you speak to the ear, of his ear.
For his soul will keep the truth of your heart as the taste of the wine is remembered.
When the color is forgotten and the vessel is no more.

Author Kahlil Gibran
Submitted By Anita S.

Help

I think my head,
It needs to be read,
I've got to have help
I need it real soon
See there's this spoon and stuff,
I can't ever get enough,
But can't take anymore,
There's someone at the door,
And wants to sell more,
But either, Or.
I can't have everything.

Bonnie M.

RUN SOFTLY GO FAST by Barbara Wersla

Run Softly Go Fast is the story of conflict and rebellion. It is an estrangement of tangled thoughts, of growing up, by David Marks. One evening, quite dramatically, David leaves his parents and escapes to the East Village and attempts to find himself. He takes LSD in a futile attempt to find himself, only to discover his disillusionment with his best friend. He recalls events of childhood almost painfully at times and relives his aggressions towards his father. He is moved in the end by his father's death but, ironically, it was too late.

The last chapter deals with the fact that David knew his father his whole life only to find out he never really knew him.

In the end David wishes he could begin it all again, maybe understand why his father tried so hard to make him be a man.

I feel that this book really deals with parent conflict, the fight for freedom, drug experiences and attempts to find an identity.

All residents can learn from this book. If nothing else, it is a document of growing up.

Bev W.
Invictus

TESTIMONY OF TWO MEN by Taylor Caldwell

This novel is about a dedicated doctor, and the people whose lives touch his, for a moment or throughout the completion of the story. Offers a little of everything to those who enjoy murder, intrigue, romance and the bare facts concerning everyday life in a small town. It tells of a Mother's love for her two sons, and the hate of one brother for another. Reading this book will make a non-reader become a fan of Miss Caldwell's and read more of her books. She is able to engross you in the novel and hold your interest until the last page is read. Once you start reading, you don't want to stop.

I KNOW WHY A CAGED BIRD SINGS by Maya Angelow

A poignant story of a young black girl's life, the hardships she suffers and her blooming into womanhood. You will cry when she tells how at the age of nine, she was raped by her stepfather, and rejoice when he is punished. The most heart-warming true story that I have ever read.

Eddie Mc.

New Books in the Library

The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pitman
Recollection of a memorable character - from slavery to black militancy.

Loneliness and Communication
Interesting and entertaining.

A Compass of Open Veins
Grant Johnson.

Lore and Lemuel
Stanyon Street and Other Sorrows.
Come to Me in Silence.

WATCH FOR:

Whole Grains - Quotations from Andy Warhol to Richard Nixon to Billie Sutton.

Malcolm X Speaks.

The Astrological Houses.

COSELLE - by H. Coselle

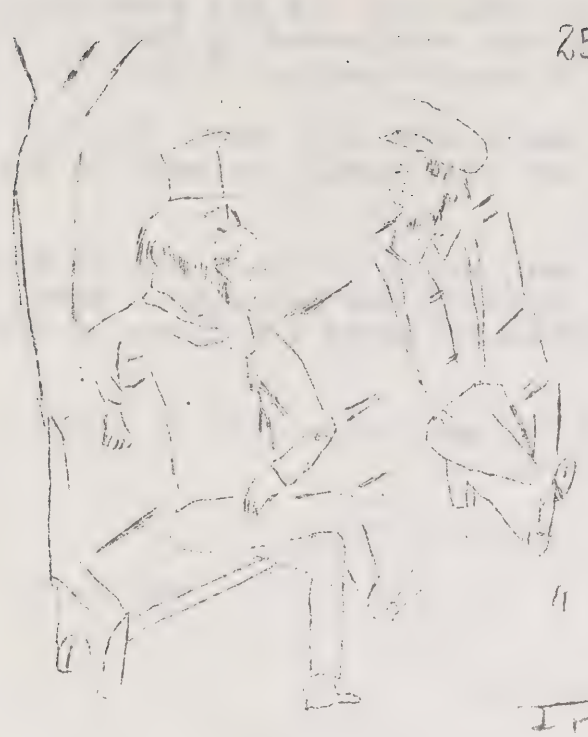
If you like books about people, then I recommend Coselle, which is the autobiography of Howard Coselle. Mr. Coselle has a way with words, and it comes through very clearly in his book. An example of this is his coverage of the '72 Olympic Games in Germany.

That was a shame and a disgrace for mankind the world over, because of the tragedy that occurred there. And Mr. Coselle captures those feelings in his book very well.

In this book, he also deals with the interaction of big business, television, radio and politics. Also, with some of the hate people are full of. So this is why I recommend this book for people that like people. To Mr. Coselle I say, "Right on, peace, love."

Rosalind K.

I'll go to jail before I'll break the law. BUMPER STICKER



"My Happiest Season—
Income Tax Time"

~~Terry~~ G.

She gives me a pain right in the God Ya-Know-What!

SHURIK by Kyra Petrovskaya Wayne

Shurik is a story about a ten year old boy who lost his mother in a bombed out house. He was befriended by Kyra Petrovskaya, who was a nurse at Military Hospital #902.

When Kyra found Shurik, he was a very sick boy. She had Dr. Stern look at him. When he was well again, he went to work at the hospital too.

He would read, talk to the men, write for them and he would run errands for them. When the hospital was hit with a bomb, he led about 62 men to safety. Because he saved the lives of these men, he was given a medal.

He went to live with one of the men whose life he saved. The man's name was Kolya Polivanova.

I have enjoyed this story. So would you.

Martha E.

God is Real Man

23rd Psalm:

The Lord is like my Probation Officer
He will help me.
He tries to help me make it everyday.
He makes me play it cool
And feel good inside of me.

He shows me the right path
So I'll have a good record
And he'll have one too.

Because I trust him,
And that ain't easy.
I don't worry too much about
What's going to happen
Just knowing about
Me helps me.

He makes sure I have my food
And that Mom fixes it.
He helps her stay sober
And that makes me feel good
All over.
He's a good man I think
And he is kind,
And these things will stay with me
And when I'm kind and good
Then I know the Lord is with me like the
Probation Officer

Submitted by Anita S.
Author...Carl F. Bird

"Your Pot Runneth Over"

Shirley Mc.

No matter where you go
Regardless of what you do
Remember this my lonely friend
Someone is thinking of you.

Even when you're down and out
And life hands you more than your share
It may be hard to believe sometimes
But there's always someone who'll care.

So as you go through the thing called life
Keep your spirits held high
Always know in your heart there is love
and let bad times and sorrow pass by.

Jeannie I.

BOOK

Travels in Nihilon, by Alan Sillitoe.

Alan Sillitoe, who wrote The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner, has a new book out. It is Travels in Nihilon, a novel.

Nihilon is a country named after its official philosophy: Nihilism. In this imaginary place, the only law is the law of survival. People drive to kill because it keeps the population down. Dishonesty is common, so you must always count your change. The five visitors to Nihilon, whose adventures are described, find they have to make some very strange adjustments to their attitudes in order to exist.

In telling their adventures, Sillitoe uses satire to tell us a lot about our own world.

S. Lehnert, Librarian

From Tipi to Skyscraper: a History of Women in Architecture, by Doris Cole.

Did you know that it was Indian women, not men, who designed their traditional home, the tipi? Women have, through the ages, had a lot to do with designing their homes. More recently, they are taking an important role in civic architecture. This book outlines what they have done.

S. Lehnert, Librarian

The [illegible] of Willy Nilly

This is a true story about a man who had been in prison himself. When he got out, he started a group that he called "The [illegible]".

He thought that if he could help to get right, other men could, too. This was the basis of the Seventh [illegible]. He had a few of the convicts that he helped go back to jail. The foundation is still in effect. They help a convict to see himself and help him by pre-release training classes before he gets out.

I have enjoyed this story and I think that you would too.

Martha E.

"You have a forked tongue, "Chief"

Shirley Mc

I felt sorry for myself
When I was down,
I was set with others
On a shelf
But the shelf grew hard and
Uncomfortable to sleep on
So I jumped down.....
And stood.....
Once more.....
For all the world to see,
I was ready for it,
And it for me!

Bonnie M.

Feelings About Leaving

It all starts when I go over to property to get dressed on May 20th. As I am leaving the cottage, my body and legs are trembling all over as I am nervous about going through those doors as everything is so strange and big to me. I feel like a little rat or mouse when attacked by a huge cat, and the first thing I wonder is how people will react when they find out that I was locked up in Vanier. I also begin to wonder how long I will stay out here when I am released. When I am here in Vanier I have friends and people who care about me and wonder how I am doing. These friends of mine are hoping, keeping in touch with them to know on how, I am progressing in the outside world. There are staff members I will write to, to let them know how everything is doing. I know I will miss my dear friends of the Vanier Centre. Although I hope I never come back as it's a nice place to visit but not to do time. I hope I can carry out my plans when I leave here on May 20th. That is how I feel about leaving Vanier.

Linda S.

Prison World

Time passes ever so slowly in this lonely place -
Memories begin to haunt you and you begin to pace.

But what can you do? Where can you go?
Four bare walls that surround you
And cold steel bars that hinder - your escape.

The rattle of keys - The clanging of doors
Create a bitterness and hate known only to those
of our kind.

These are the things that numb the mind;
That soon forgotten love once you thought was yours,
Trace deep long paths into your tortured soul.
A deepened hate in your heart -
A damnation for these bars
And all that keeps you from your loved ones.

Shirley M.

Breakfast, Lunch and Supper

Breakfast is where you're here for awhile

Lunch is longer than that

Supper is where you're here till they feel like letting you go.

Good luck to Breakfast, Dinner and Supper.

Here I sit in a broken chair
My hands are dirty, so is my hair
My door is broken, my bed is bent
How long have I been Here?
How much have I spent?

Author unknown

Interpretations of The Ten Commandments!

Exodus 20:3-17

God is Mr. Real Big

1) You shall have no other gods before me.....
Means---God's the leader--nobody , but nobody man, gets in the way.

2) You shall not make for yourself a graven image.....
This means no making things that look like God in the craftshop at the, settlement house. No worship things like rabbits' foots and lucky dice, damn it, dolls:

3) You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain...
It means knock it off the swearing or you better watch out.

4) Observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy.....
(a) It means going to church on Sunday and listen to people who don't know much about what they are talking about.
(b) Keeping it holy means no snatching purses on Sunday.

5) Honor your father and mother.....
(a) It means no calling your father a wino or your mother the old lady, even if they are.
(b) It means to love your mother, even if she hollars at you, and try to understand she is tired from working all day. It means to try to love your father even if you don't know him or where he is.

6) You shall not kill.....
(a) No holding up people with switch blades.
(b) No playing chicken in the freight yards.
(c) No real rough fighting.

7) Neither shall you commit adultery.....
(a) No messing around with the girls in the park.
(b) No whoring around.

8) Neither shall you steal.....
That's it don't need to say more.
Why not? Everybody does it.

9) Neither shall you bear false witness.....
No telling lies to the cops or in court, no matter how many breaks they say they'll give you.

10) Neither shall you covet.....
(a) Stop being so sorry for yourself and always wanting something you ain't got.
(b) You ain't supposed to do it--but it's not so bad if it makes you try hard to get something you ain't got--If you don't get it by shoplifting.

Author Carol F. Burke
Submitted by Anita S.

Alcohol

I have been sitting back listening to a lot of controversy and reading the various articles on Alcoholism with great interest. Perhaps if I may I might give you an example of a true experience.

Through the years I have consumed an insurmountable amount of alcohol--not only to the point of total inebriation but to to point of physical malfunction. Three years ago I brought upon myself what is medically termed as "Alcoholic Neuritis".

This is an illness where the nerves of the entire body have become physically affected from Alcohol. In my case, I lost the power to use my legs where I couldn't stand up by myself let alone walk--the power to use my hands where I was unable to hold or light my own cigarette and suffered from an extreme vitamin deficiency because I wasn't eating properly, consequently my skin turned a brownish yellow color, also parts of my hair fell out in spots and handfulls. Naturally the only alternative was hospitalization and after many months of recuperating, good medical and psychiatric attention and many long hours of painful physio therapy--I learned to walk again, use of my hands again and function as an ordinary human being.

I am not writing this article because I am proud of my achievements nor for the pity of others but I am writing it as a hopeful deterrent to anyone who might read it--as what I have said may not seem like much but I would hate to think of anyone else having to go through what I did all because they bent their elbow too much the way I did.

Audrey D.

A PRAYER TO GOD

O Lord, I know I'm not perfect
Please help me be a bit better.
I cannot change the things I've done,
I can only beg forgiveness
and hope that it's enough.
I'm not a worthy servant
Lord, But I believe.
Please help me believe a bit more,
I don't want people to condone what I do,
Just that they understand me
And Lord, I know that you know everything
Please help me have a better knowledge of people,
With a kinder heart.
You've helped others, Lord.
Please help me too.

Bonnie Mc.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT FROM PROGRAM CENTRE

Mrs. Ironside, Senior Supervisor, is now the proud grandmother of a 10 lb. 1 1/2 oz. bouncing boy. Michael Glen McConnell was born Sunday April 7, at 2:37 P.M. The grandmother states that he is 21 inches long and has a 14 inch chest. Welcome into the world, Michael! You have a very proud Grandmama!

Thank you, Mrs. Ironside, for being the first staff from Programme Centre to put a news item into our paper.

Mrs. Rhoda Weltman has left. It was not announced on the complex. We are sorry to see her leave. She was a lovely person, and we shall all miss her very much.

Mr. Bert Petersen has returned to his native country of South Africa on vacation. Let us hope that all goes well with him in the three weeks that he is away. No mini-riots please!

COMMERCIAL T.A.P.

The first time I had a T.A.P. it was very enjoyable. Our group had gone on a tour of George Brown College and, 'WOW' was it ever fun. We toured the commercial typing classes and, after lunch, Drake Personelle, where the lady talked about how we could get a job and how to dress when looking for a job. She also spoke of the various contact they have in the province and out of the province. It was really cool the way she talked and handled herself. I had to laugh when she asked us what college we were from. (tee-hee) We had lunch in High Park, which was really cool. Mr. Bushoff had made us a real decent lunch and having it in the park made the whole picture. We really enjoyed ourselves and I hope we can get group T.A.'s more often. I would like to thank Mrs. Lum and Terry Angle for the far-out trip they took us on.

P.S.

Also a very special thanks to Mr. Bushoff for the wonderful lunch he gave us.

Shirley McN.

BABE, THERE'S PEOPLE WE COULD BE
THERE'S PLACES WE COULD SEE
MOUNTAINS TO CLIMB
AND VERSES TO RHYME
SO MUCH TO DO
FOR ME AND YOU
LIVES TO LEAD
AND LOTS WE NEED
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

by Bonnie M.

A STAFF'S VIEW OF THE SAME T.A.P.

What a change from my normal workday! It started with a briefing in Reception. "DON'T GIVE ANY HINTS WE ARE FROM A REHAB CENTRE!" "DON'T COUNT US IN FRONT OF PEOPLE!" Terry Angle and I meekly promised.

We went outside and piled into the van. The weather was dull, but our spirits were high. With Terry at the wheel, I felt free to feast my eyes on the scenery, without fear that we would end up in the ditch. It was a treat for me!

At George Brown College, several of the staff were former classmates of mine. It was good to renew friendships and be a tourist for a change.

In one room we saw rows on rows of electronic business machines, and we wished a few for ourselves. Please, Mr. Pfaff, sir, may we have two or three?

The College was not too different from the Vanier in that new students start throughout the year. Of course, it is much larger, and the students more cosmopolitian. It seemed a good place to further one's education.

Lunch beside the lake in High Park was delicious--roast beef and ham sandwiches, fruit--packed by Mr. Busshoff's capable staff. Some disappointment on my part that the cream puffs from the local bakery were not of real cream and the Turkish Delight was awful. But, the pop was cold!

After lunch, the visit to Drake Personnel was illuminating. Our charming, well-groomed hostess involved us in a lively discussion. Her mannerisms reminded us of our own Mrs. Satterfield.

During the scenic drive along the Lakeshore, we stopped a while at the Marie Curtis Park. Several brave souls debarked, walked along the creek, and basked in the cool sunshine. Then, onward to Highway Ten.

We bumped into rush hour traffic, but even THAT was an enjoyable change. Frankly, we felt quite superior, viewing the others from our high vantage point. Besides, WE had a chauffeur and THEY did not!

It was a tired crew that reached the Vanier at 5:00 p.m. My one regret was that the van was not big enough to bring ALL our students. I received a lot of flak the next day, from those who could not go.

On the positive side, we all agreed it had been a successful outing. I was proud of our student's deportment and tasteful appearance. I am genuinely looking forward to the next T.A.P.

Elsie Lum

Easter Bunny

We all would like to send a special thanks to Joe Lang for being our Easter Bunny. The girls all were happy to open their eyes and see him standing there giving and receiving Easter kisses to all girls in every Cottage. He was so cute, the way he wore his Easter outfit and the way he shook his Bumper to and fro. We would all like to have Joe Lang as our 1975 Easter Bunny. He was sensational!

Easter Egg Hunt

For the Easter Egg Hunt, Hochelega started by getting up and having breakfast till 9:30. All the girls went around looking for the Easter eggs that were hidden the night before. Nobody missed anything. By 11:00 a.m. all the eggs were found. Th two girls who found the most eggs got the prizes. They were Shirley R. and Dianne P.

Good Friday

Good Friday started off by a church T.A. to which a lot of girls went and really enjoyed the Services. It was really a hit, and the girls said they really enjoyed the busride to and back. The girls said they would like to go there every Sunday. Invictus started out with a swimming T.A. and the Y, and it went very well as expected. They really had a good time and they would like to go again really soon.

Easter Sunday

On Easter Sunday Kon-Tiki went on a swimming T.A. also. The girls really enjoyed themselves. As the girls thought it was a good idea to leave the Centre for a couple of hours, as there was a lot of tension on the Cottages and Complex. All the staff helped to prepare the dinner for the girls. One of the staff members cut the Turkey and saw that every girl got a little of everything. Lots of thanks and consideration to the staff who helped.

Easter Monday

Hochelaga started off with a swimming T.A. Seven girls from Hochie went and we all enjoyed ourselves and with Joe Lang playing Volley Ball with us in the water and Joe hitting the Ball with his head. Hochie is looking forward to this next Sunday for another day at the Y.W.C.A. I would like to thank all the residents on the Complex staff for a lovely Easter 1974.

Linda S.

April 9, 1974

Editor,
Brampton Daily Times,
Brampton, Ontario.

Dear Sir,

We are the Residents' Committee at the Vanier Centre for Women. We are writing to you in regards to the article in your paper dated Saturday, April 6th, 1974. We whould like to express our thoughts and feelings on the article.

You have failed to realize that we are individuals and are unique in every aspect and should not be judged and labelled by what a small minority do, and choose as their lifestyle.

We take exception to the fact that we are labelled by you as "prostitutes, lesbians" and as being, "sexually maladjusted".

"Going back to crime and criminals almost immediately after their release", is another generalization. This is left up to the individual as to what lifestyle she chooses when she returns to the community.

Our only "fear" is the public opinion, in other words, the rejection we feel and encounter upon return into society, as a result of articles of this nature being published.

There is a hidden element of truth is parts of your article, but it was far too generalized, and as stated earlier, you have failed to realize that we are individuals in every respect.

The great majority of us wish to return as a credit to society, and not as criminals.

Respectfully yours,

Signed: Residents' Committee
Vanier Centre for
Women

Girls at Vanier Speak Out

(To the Brampton Newspaper)

There was an article which appeared in your newspaper on April 6th concerning Vanier Centre in which only a few facts had been taken into view. The article started out "Prostitution, Sexual Maladjustment, Lesbianism, Job Maladjustments and Crime Continutation..."

Well isn't that a little too heavy and some-what exaggerated? Out of 100 girls, there are a very small number to which that applies, and a smaller number who were convicted of such crimes. Those who are prostitutes and lesbians were that way before their coming into the institution, and more than likely will return to do so . Is it so hard for the law and public to accept and recognize it's their way of life and to stop labelling them as "criminals?" Prostituion and Lesbianism do not start in any women's institution and will not stop there! Women who never experience either do not experience it once they go to a Rehabilitation Centre.

As for "Sexual Capacility" within the institution.... really! It's only natural for a women to be sexually frustrated in the separation from her husband or boy friend. Statistics have proven that a high percentage of divorces are due to "sexual frustration." Therefore, there is a greater sexual problem on the OUTSIDE than on the INSIDE. Have you heard of any woman divorcing her husband from inside because of lack of sexual contact?

The statement made on women getting sex, on their release, from any available male is somewhat unreal. Let's quit feeding this kind of garbage to the public and get to the true facts that exist within the institution and outside as well.

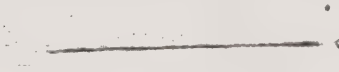
It's time the public was aware of what's REALLY happening. Like all succesful T.A.P.'s that are taking place. The good things that the girls are getting out of this program as well as the not-so-good. Open your minds as well as your eyes and ears - and hear us, as a whole. We don't hear about the pressures that are placed upon the girls at Vanier like the Welfare and the Children's Aid Society, etc.

Your article missed a lot of the truth. Get off of all this rubbish and start facing reality. We the girls at Vanier are very much alive and very real people.

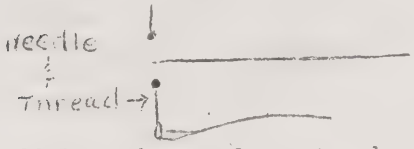
By Ena U.

BUTTON HOLE

(1) With a contrasting thread, stitch length of button hole on fabric where desired.....



(2) Start at end of buttonhole and insert needle into material at outer edge of buttonhole and bringing it up on side, same distance from buttonhole.....

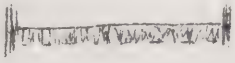


(3) Make three bar tacks over each other at this point.....

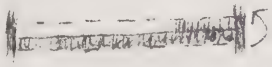
(4) Begin working buttonhole using *buttonhole stitch starting at outer edge of buttonhole and bringing needel up at middle of buttonhole.....

(5) Continue doing this stitch in counter-clockwise direction...

(6) At other end of buttonhole, make similar bar tacks as before..

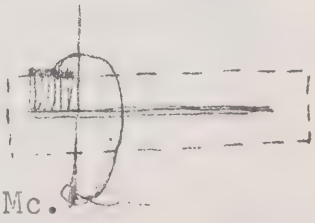


(7) Continue same stitch up other side of buttonhole.....



(8) Making sure that you leave space in centre for cutting.....

*BUTTONHOLE STITCH.
-See Simplicity Book, page 233



Shirley Mc.

42

A.W.O.L.

So you've had it with Vanier, eh? You say you're going to hit the fence. Listen, come and sit down with me, and let me tell you a few things. Grab a coffee, okay?

Alright now. First of all, I think you're making a big mistake. Now don't look at me like that. You see, I went through what you're going through now. In fact, I made it all the way to Ingleside. But I decided, just like you, that I had had it, and yeah, I ran.

And hey, you know something? It's no picnic out there. Really I figured I'd be able to stay with friends, and no way would the "big blue meanies" ever find me. Strangely enough, my friends wouldn't help me. "What??! No way, I'll get charged with aiding and abetting. Work it out yourself." So unless your friends are a whole lot different than the ones I know, then you're going to have the same hassles as I did.

You know, it was a real drag. I don't think I could ever describe the lonliness, or the heartache, and after awhile, you begin to wonder why you ever did such a dumb thing. What did you prove? Nothing, really. In my case, most of the time I sat in the sand down at Kew Beach in Toronto, and froze. Oh yeah, it's a real laugh. And you know, after ten days of that, Vanier and it's hassles began to look mighty good. Now, I know that there have been others who ran, and made it, alot longer than I did, but they always get caught in the end, and then wind up right back where you started, with more time.

Please, think it over. It's not really worth it. Stick it out, soon you'll be out. It may seem like a long time, but I'm telling you, ten days of being A.W.O.L., seem like a year. The paranoia is just something else. It's lonely out there, and <u>it's just not worth it</u>.

Hey, I hope what I told you makes a little sense. DON'T DO IT. Please. There's always someone here who'll talk to you when you're down and out.

Meanwhile, thanks for talking, friend. Keep it cool, eh? Remember, you're here for a good time, not a long time.

Written by Jeannie I.

Resident and C.O. Relationship

When I first entered Kon-Tiki, I did not see my C.O for almost 10 days. Everytime another resident asked me my C.O.'s name, I would say Joy De L. and they would immediately sing her praises. I being slightly negative would think SHE can't be that good!!! I was fortunate to have a very good C.O. in Timberlea, so I figured twice around was a bit much.

When I finally met Joy, I had my back up looking for an angel with a tarnished halo. But, after several conversations with her, I found to my surprise, that she was truly human.

She is warm, understanding, compassionate, and all the other beautiful adjectives to describe a mentally well adjusted person. I find that people working here who have children, and a happy family life, project this in their attitude when dealing with inmates here in Vanier.

I only wish everyone had a C.O. that truly cared about people in their charge and went to bat for them the way mine does for me. Too bad she can't be shared by all instead of only a blessed few. Margaret C. says, "Me too."

Eddie Mc.

What I Think of Sue Wicket

When I first came to Hochelaga, I saw this very pretty lady sitting in the staffs' office. I had thought to myself that she was the one I would like as my C.O., as she was full of fun and very easy to get along with---even when having a serious talk. She is very easy to approach. She carries a good conversation with you while out at the clinic or on a T.A. You don't have to worry about being afraid to ask her any questions. Sue is always there to answer them. If I could start over again I would like to have Susan Wicket as a mother. She has done her job well as a perfect C.O., and I sure hope she will remain on Hochelaga forever. All the girls really enjoy her company and being in the same cottage with her. She has very good taste in the clothes that she wears. Sue is the kind of person who would keep her apartment very clean and tidy and take good care of her wardrobe. The colours she has somehow seen to suit her very well. Stay with us Sue Wicket.

Sincerely yours,
Linda S.

My C.C. and I

I remember when I first met Wilky. I kind of backed away. At the time I didn't know her so well and all I could see was this big masculine-looking broad sitting in the office in Timberlea. I remember saying to myself "I'm staying clear of that one."

When I was placed in Invictus I spoke with her a few times and found out she ewas a warm and understandin person. A few days later I was very pleased to hear she was assigned as my C.C.

All I have to say about Wilky is she's a very straight forward, honest, warm and understanding person and I have an extreme amount of respect for her. Another thing I've realized is her heart is as big as she is. Although she says she's not big, she's not what I'd call petite.

By Gail B.

My C.C. and I

At first glance, Bonnie struck me as an unsufferable snob. What with her regal walk, and her madonna-like features, I thought "Oh Wow, would I love to take the wind out of her sails."

When she mentioned her forth-coming wedding, I sat and drilled her mercilessly, shooting questions left and right. I disliked her and she knew it. At the time, I think the feeling was mutual.

But after six months and a half of being in Invictus, I began to see that she was a very warm and feeling person. I also learned that on the rare occassion that Bonnie got angry, the sky all but caved in.

Then I left Invictus in search of greener pastures, so to speak. But within two months, I found myself back in Invictus, with Bonnie as my assigned C.C.

Well things are going just A-1, and although I suspect it won't always go like this, I feel we get along great and have much more than a C.C. - resident type of relationship. Just knowing that Bonnie is here, helps a lot. I know I have a friend in her. I think things will be much different, this time, because when I'm tempted to start any form of sh-- disturbing, I find myself thinking, "Uh-uh-uh! What will Bonnie say?"

Could it be I fear that the "Wrath of Bonnie Enge", will fall upon my head?

Jeannie I.

VANIER V.S. DOE

Plaintiff--Invictus

On April 29, 1974, at approximately 9:40 p.m., the above-mentioned defendant, Jane Doe, alias The Peanut Butter Kid, did willfully make a peanut butter and jam sandwich, with the intention of eating it, contrary to Houserules, Section 2p.

The defendant claims that the alleged sandwich was made at 9:25 p.m., not 9:40 p.m., furthermore, she claims that there is no rule stating that peanut butter and jam sandwiches are not allowed.

Defendant's Statement:

"At maybe 9:25 p.m., I made a peanut butter and jam sandwich, because I was hungry. I was not aware that any rules were being broken. I cleaned up after I was finished, and put the peanut butter and the jam away. I was then informed that I had abused servery privileges, and the servery would be closed until the morning, when it would be discussed at housemeeting."

Plaintiff's Statement:

"The defendant is only too well aware of the rules, and has received "thousands" of warnings. She knew that at break she was only allowed to eat cookies. Yet, after the servery was supposed to be closed to be cleaned up, she made a sandwich. After we informed her she had abused servery privileges, she became extremely angry, and began shouting and using really foul, and obscene language."

"Defendant is being charged with unlawfully making a peanut butter and jam sandwich without lawful excuse, abusing servery privileges, and unlawfully eating the above-mentioned sandwich. How do you plead?

Defendant:

"I plead not guilty."

P: "Jane Doe, I find you guilty of the afore-mentioned charges. Do you have any further comments to make?"

D: "Yes, I change my plea to temporary insanity."

P: "I still find you guilty, and as punishment, I sentence you to complete misery, hassles, and hard times until your sentence is finished."

This story is true, only the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

JEANNIE I.

BLACK AMERICAN CULTURE

The most controversial black group that has ever gained so much following in so short of time was not the followers of Martin Luther King Jr., but the members and sympathizers of the Black Panther Party.

Even now, just mentioning the name "Black Panther" brings shudders from both blacks and whites alike. The American Blacks of the "older" generation were afraid because the Panthers were trying "new" and "revolutionary" ways of trying to gain respect and total rights for all blacks. The White Americans were afraid because of the anti-white image that the newspaper were giving the members of the Black Panther Party.

The followers of the Black Panthers were the young. Those that were tired of "turning the other cheek", and being second-class citizens. They came together to first deal with blacks to stop them from destroying themselves within their own community (robbing, stealing, killing and breaking into each other's homes). They also tried to educate blacks about existing laws that could benefit blacks as a whole and make them aware of their rights that were guaranteed at the local and state level, as well as in the constitution of the United States.

Secondly, they came together to form day-care centers in the ghetto areas to aid black working mothers with their pre-school children and to open centers for the youths of these neighborhoods to get together for fun, instead of loitering on corners and getting into all kinds of mischief and trouble, (drugs and crime.)

The Panthers were the forerunners in day-care centers in the ghetto areas throughout major cities in the United States.

It was an organization formed to help blacks to help themselves, and was in existence almost three years before they came to National attention.

To stop police brutality (which does exist) on blacks in black neighborhoods they tried policing their own areas. They made blacks aware that they had a right to bear firearms (pistols, handguns) to protect themselves, families and properties. The result of this was chaos. Blacks with no intentions of protecting anyone came into sharp focus. There was a shoot-out which consequently reached headlines stating that the trouble makers were members of the Panther Party. And that is how they came to be known, not through the good that the group was formed to do, but one isolated incident where blame was placed, and subsequently years later found to be innocent through many investigations instituted by concerned citizens, both blacks and whites, of the persecution that began and the killings of Party members.

From the notoriety that was received from such incidents

Culture cont'd

sprang similar disenchanted groups who were also labeled as Panthers, but were not. Some of the crimes committed by such groups were publicized as being crimes committed by Party members and for every crime committed after that, the blame was placed, or linked directly to the Black Panthers.

There was dissension among the blacks (as there has always been) and sides were taken, blacks against blacks. The followers of Dr. King were against the followers of the Panther Party. Nowhere was a happy medium reached. The infiltration of spies into the party to undermine and cause division among the young and willful-minded members of the party, began its destruction.

There have been and still are great minds to lead the black race and give us all the leadership that is greatly needed.

Malcom X., a Muslim, who was assassinated by other blacks, for a few pieces of silver was in my mind the best by far of great men. Even among the black race, there is a Judas to be found. He had the ideology to unite all factions of the black race. From the poor black southerner, to the highest black member of the Labor movement, A. Randolph, such people as Bobby Seale who wrote "Seize the Times", Huey P. Newton, Defense Minister of the Panthers; H. Rap Brown, Stokely Carmicheal, Eldrige Cleaver, and also in the religious leadership field, Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. and Rev. Jesse Jackson who is still striving to educate the masses. In the political field there are also two women leaders, Shirley Chisholm, and Angela Davis. In the literary field the greatest who comes to my mind is Nikki Giovanni. Malcom had the idea that if they all could unite their individual forces under one joint leadership, we could speak as one voice.

But Malcom was assassinated, just as Martin Luther King was assassinated, just like John F. Kennedy was assassinated, as was his brother Robert Kennedy killed.

All the great leaders are dying. The ones that can't be killed are having their image destroyed through subversive plots to smear their names and have their followers lose faith in their ability to lead. But for everyone they kill like Malcolm who wrote the book "Malcolm X. Speaks", there are ten potentially great men in the making.

There have been revolutions in America, and that is what the country's history is founded upon. Without bloodshed there can be no revolution, and blacks everyday are dying and willing to die for their God given right to be born, live, suffer, be happy, and die as they choose, not as someone else dictates as it should be, and for them to remain forever as second-class citizens.

Eddie Mc.

King.....Kennedy

King...Kennedy. These two, these two-the word is "murder" and I do not understand. Martin Luther King shot in Memphis" six words that echoed in the fear I felt. The reality of my world became but the fabric of hate and it all seemed somehow a nightmare of humanity that could not love.

Kings' death seemed to bring to mind again, all too soon, the intense shock of president John Kennedys' assassination and I did not want to believe it had happened again. In fact it was much better to hide the awareness and retreat into the platitudes of the world around me. The abnormal normality of day to day that allowed me to accept myself and the world around.

But what has been building up our society cannot be ignored. I cannot close my eyes and hide my fear. Robert Kennedy, another life taken, a spirit, a force, that has been so uselessly destroyed. And it is true--we are all guilty. I feel the guilt. When I heard I could not ignore the pain and even worse the anger. I wanted to scream it.

We destroy the fabric of life...destroy bright blood red only to view the horror of the abyss.

Insane crawling obscenity, a crying of tears.
The emotions, the words washed over and through me. These men were real somehow, they were the symbols or oncorportion of the good in man like maybe truth and the quality of reaching out to touch another. That is why I feel and felt such fear. Their death came to easily. Is it significant of our future that we have proceded backwards into the world. I used to believe man to be inherent ly good and that life was full of beauty. Yet the anger that I felt is the same destructive anger that murdered them.

I carry within me part of the responsibility for their death. The men who killed them acted only as the weapons of society. We determined that they should die. There is a real tendancy to enshrine and revere these men--to expiate our own guilt but this is really a demeaning of what their deaths reveal about ourselves. We can and must learn from the insight we have gained. We cannot forever live for today, there is tomorrow and tomorrow is but the extrapolation of today.

I have to find hope, to find meaning in these mens' deaths. I cannot live with the guilt, it leaves me with nothing to hold on to.

by Bev. W.

INMATE FROM VANIER

(To the tune of "Okie From Muskokie)

We can't smoke marijuana in the Vanier
We can't take no trips on LSD
We'd never burn our passes in the Vanier
Cause they're few and far between when we're not free.

CHORUS

And I'm sorry that I ever saw the Vanier
This just ain't the place to have a ball
We have to be straight every day now
Escapes are still the biggest thrill of all.

We don't go barefoot in the Vanier
It's harmful to our health, or so they say
They make us wear shoes that really hurt us
But that's the price we have to pay.

CHORUS

We don't do very much that's constructive
We just work real hard all day long
Then at night we sit and watch the rainfall
Wondering how we ever went wrong.

CHORUS

Someday, so they tell us, we'll be leaving
No more tears of sorrow will be cried
Vanier will be a finished nightmare
Cause we will finally be outside.

CHORUS

Written by Jeannie I.

"COMMIT A CRIME AND THE WORLD IS MADE OF GLASS". Real Clue Crime Comics.

"Now I see the secret of making the best persons. It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth." Walt Whitman

"The whole earth is in jail and we're plotting this incredible jailbreak." Wavy Gravy.

"I'm weak, but together we're strong." Huey p. Newton

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A FAREWELL LETTER TO VANIER

Dear Beautiful People:

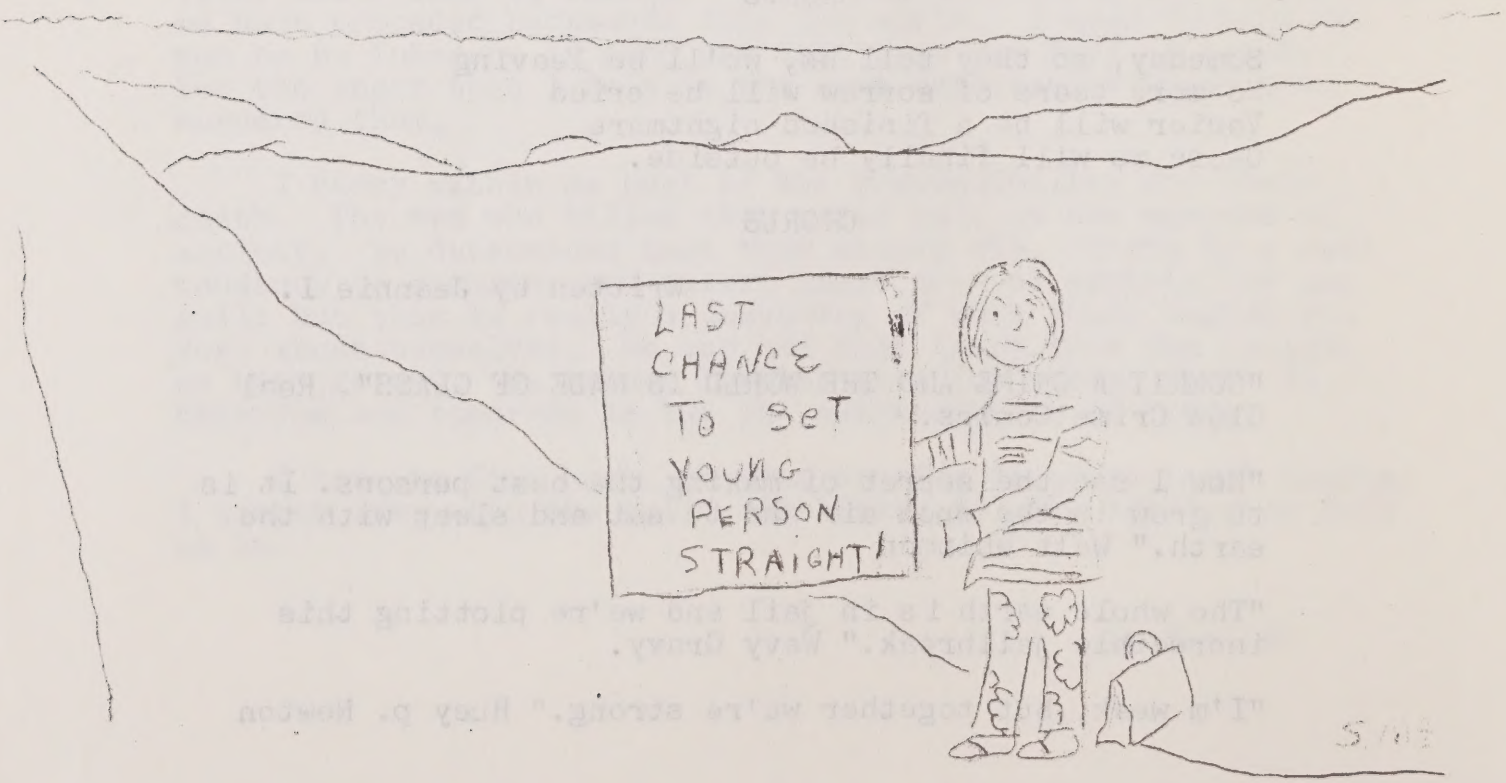
This letter is to all of you who have touched my life. I shall refer to you as beautiful people. My time to leave is here. There are times I felt it would never come, and it is then you beautiful people helped me through. Had it not been for you, I don't know what would have happened. I truly wish I could take each and every one of you with me.

Living so closely here in a setting such as Vanier has drawn people together. You share and feel with your fellow beings and experiences you don't have in the free world. I found this a very enriching experience for my life.

To my beautiful Canadian sisters you have truly been gracious hostesses. Love, Peace and Happiness.

Your sister in woman-hood
Rosalind H.

P.S. You American sisters are Ultra-Beautiful.
Love Roz.



Top priority: problem hair.

VANIER COSMETOLOGY STUDENTS CAN HELP

No matter how skillful you are, your best efforts can be defeated by problem hair. Here are some of the commonest hair problems and how to cope with them.

Dry hair.

Dry hair is dull. It's brittle. It breaks. What causes it? Sun, hot hair dryers, over-processing, even frequent shampooing.

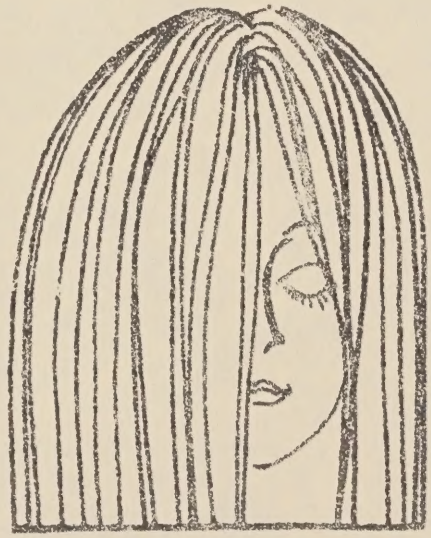
COPE with dry hair by conditioning it after every shampoo. But be sure to use something more effective than watery conditioners that just coat hair with a little slipperiness. What you want is something that will actually strengthen the hair, improve the texture, smooth it and add body. There is such a thing. It's Wella Balsam. This remarkable conditioner has many imitators, so be sure to ask for it by its full name. Wella Balsam. Only Wella Balsam actually unites with the hair shaft; smooths the hair so that it truly shines; adds body and improves texture; makes your styling swing and bounce; makes hair silky to the touch. As long ago as 1951, Wella was creating products to improve hair texture. Now there's Wella Balsam which does its good in an astonishing 60 seconds!

Tangle-prone hair.

Hair that turns into a hopeless tangle after shampooing, bleaching or tinting can waste valuable salon time. Trying to comb through snarls also results in hair breakage. And, of course, it makes a patron uncomfortable.

COPE with tangles by giving a Wella Balsam treatment immediately after shampooing, before attempting to comb. You'll find you won't have any knotty tangles. It's Wella Balsam that does the trick. Once you've tried it, you won't settle for anything but genuine Wella Balsam.

"I-can't-do-a-thing-with-it" hair.



Hair that won't stay put after styling is probably dry and extra fine. Holding it down with hair spray just compounds the problem.

COPE with unruly hair by conditioning it before you set and style it. While Wella Balsam tames unmanageable hair, it never drags style lines down the way some of its imitators do. In fact, Wella Balsam's potent conditioners are bonded to every hair strand in a thin molecular film that actually adds extra style-holding power, along with a lovely light-refracting sheen that sets off your artistry.

Problem hairpieces.

You know how tangled wigs and hairpieces can get when you clean or color them. It can take up to 20 minutes to comb a wiglet.

COPE with problem hairpieces by using Wella Balsam. It's a lifesaver. One application and you can comb out wigs and hairpieces in a jiffy. Forget imitations, though. Only Wella Balsam is exactly right for wigs and hairpieces. Wella Balsam is safe for real hair and synthetics. It never alters color. It's safe for wig bases. Best of all, Wella Balsam gives wigs and hairpieces (which tend to get drier and drier as time goes on) the gloss and sheen of natural, healthy hair.